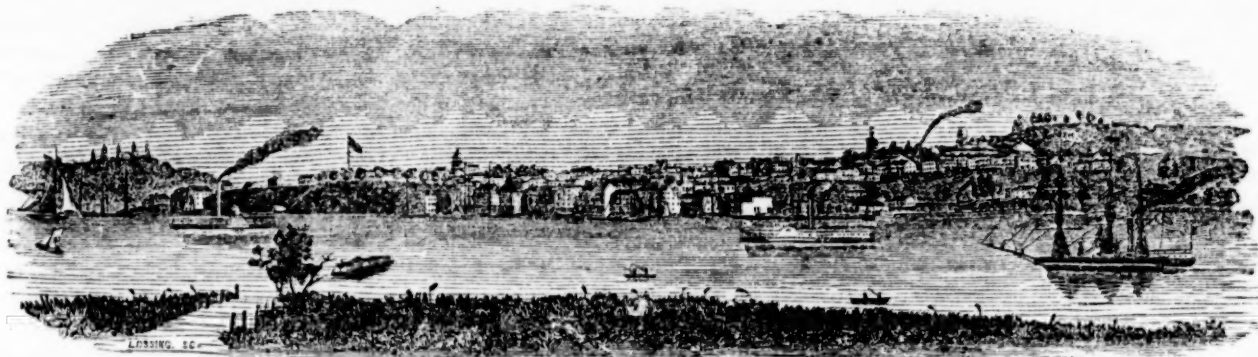


THE RURAL REPOSITORY.



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THE DANCING MASTER.



Maitre de danse! of graceful form,
Our Comic Gallery enter in;
We greet thee with a welcome warm,
Arm'd with thy pocket violin.

Come with thy fiddlestick, all right,
Come with a fairy step and jump;
Tho' for a dancing master light
Your frame appears a little plump!

Come, strike up something—what you will—
And keep the game alive old fellow;
Polish mazurka, last quadrille,
Or else the light *tarenterella*.

How charming is thine air, old blade!
And how attractive is that look;
But when a dancing master made,
You spoiled a very famous cook.

Strike up a tune, and do it quick,
To cheer the heart and cure the vapors;
And then your heels let's see you kick,
My emperor of catgut scrapers.

How stylishly your hair is cropped!
Your whole *costume* how very bonnie!
Tell us if you have ever hopped
A *Pirouette* with *Taglioni*.

Believe me I've no wish to sham,
Nor come it strong with flattery's plaster!
But if I were not what I am,
I'd be a Paris Dancing Master!

Your sterling merit in my rhyme
I can't at present lay more stress on;
But when I visit France next time,
On you I'll call and take a lesson.

TALES.

From the Columbian Magazine.

LOUISA WILSON.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

"Was I not that hour,
The lady of his heart? Princess of life?
Mistress of feast and favor? Could I touch
A rose with my white hand, but it became
Redder at once?"

And is it not my shame
To have made this woe myself, from all that joy?
MISS BARRETT.

"WHAT! still a prisoner to this odious influenza?" said a bright belle, as she gaily glided into the chamber of her friend.

"Not exactly ill, Julia; but then such a hideous swollen face, as you see, makes it quite impossible to appear. I think my nose has grown large, too; don't you? And this chill, cheerless, November weather makes it no great trial to keep in the house."

"Oh! but you might have put on a thick green veil, and wrapped yourself up in furs, just to go to church and see the wedding of Frederick Wilson and Louisa."

"Is it impossible? It is only a few days since I heard of the return of Frederick Wilson from Europe. What a march they have stolen!"

"Not much of a stolen march, one would think, dear Emma. They have been engaged full three years. Indeed, so long did he stay on his travels,

that many thought the marriage would never take place at all."

"Come, now, lay aside your muff and mantilla, and be the good Samaritan, and tell me all about it. Yes, please! What need was there of being in such a remarkable hurry?"

"I believe it was understood that the event would take place immediately after his arrival; and they wished to be established in their city home before the Winter."

"Well, they might at least have given information of the hour of their nuptials to some of their old acquaintance. Though, I presume, a little mystery gives a wonderful zest to matrimony."

"Their plan was to leave for their journey in the morning cars, and by appointing the ceremony at an early hour they hoped to avoid a dense crowd, and so kill two birds with one stone."

"Expert marksmen, without a doubt. Did Louisa look well?"

"Beautiful, as you know brides always do. She wore a fair muslin, fine as a thought, and white as the driven snow. It was fitted perfectly to her graceful form, and her neck and delicately rounded arms were like alabaster. The flowing bridal veil was confined above her sunny curls with pure jessamine and the orange flower. She wore no other ornament."

"Why, who would have expected such remarkable plainness from her? Has she turned Quaker?"

"No, it was the taste of the bridegroom, who is, I suppose, a trifle more infallible than ever, from having visited so many of the European courts."

"I should think he would have become so accustomed to splendor and elegance abroad, as to require it at home."

"They say it has rather led him to admire simplicity. At any rate, Louisa never looked so well in her life, with those downcast eyes, their long fringes resting on her glowing cheek, and that sweet air of dependence on him which is so winning. I understand he has brought her the most magnificent things, sets of pearl, and diamonds, and so forth, which will be worn at the parties in the high circles where they are to move."

"I wonder if the old aunt who brought her up will be urged to make her appearance there."

"She has been invited to take her residence with them, but declines. Her age makes a quiet home more agreeable."

"Perhaps Louisa might be ashamed of aunt's country manners among her new, fashionable friends."

"Oh, Emma, I can never think her so heartless."

"Nor I. But go on with your description of the wedding, my dear creature. And pray disencumber yourself of those immense India-rubbers, and take the other velvet rocking-chair. There, now we shall be so cosy."

"Fred Wilson, you know, was always a jewel of a man—so high bred, so refined. He is still more polished by foreign travel, which his wealth gave him every advantage of making both improving and extensive. I never thought him so handsome as this morning; his intellectual features were lighted up with such a beaming happiness, like one who has gained a priceless treasure. Then he responded so touchingly, 'till death us do part.' It was both solemn and beautiful. I caught a glimpse of the group at the church door, while he was throwing her cashmere round her with perfect tenderness, as if he feared the slightest visiting of

the rude air for his precious one. Every creature pressed forward to get a view of her as she stepped into her coach, and there was such an awful rush, that I was glad to escape."

"I never thought, for my part, that Louisa was more beautiful than several others of our acquaintance whom I could name."

"Perhaps not. But then she is exceedingly graceful, and shows in all she says and does her accomplished education. Then, you know, there is something so fascinating about a bride leaving, as she does, all the sacred spots of early recollection, the play places and playmates of her childhood, the hearthstone where she was trained and sheltered as a tender blossom, to make to herself a new home, to trust in new friends, to endure new trials, supported only by his love who was once to her as a stranger but is now to be more than all the world besides; there is in this something sublime, yet sad, even to tears."

"Bless me, Julia, you are right eloquent. Did our good clergyman preach a sermon on the occasion, and you take notes, for the benefit and behoof of all spinsters? Was there a crowd at this pathetic ceremony?"

"Yes; notwithstanding it was at the early hour of eight. Directly in front of me were the three tall Misses Asters, through whose interstices I was obliged to gather, by skilful dodging, almost all that I saw, for you know to look over their shoulders would be impossible to any but a daughter of Anak. They had made their toilet in a hurry and could not wholly conceal under their smart new hats, their hair en papillote. Here and there was a heavy sprinkling of ancient maidens, who, I thought, had left breakfast uncut, and were waiting it. Even the fat, red-faced tavernkeeper waddled there, and the lame lady over the way, and scores of boys hung upon the columns and tops of pews like monkeys, though the sexton did all in his power to keep them down. Every body seemed good-natured and animated; indeed, it was a scene altogether worth going out for, this raw morning. I am sorry you have made choice of such a time to wear a kerchief."

"You are so kind, Julia, to come and amuse me with your nice descriptions, that I believe I have lost nothing. Indeed, I may have a clearer idea of the whole than if I had been there myself, for your perceptive powers are vastly better developed than mine. I declare I feel quite recovered from my inapposite illness by your entertaining talk."

Thus renovated and cheered, the two friends started upon a little tongue-race, alternately spurring and outstripping each other, with exuberant fluency and girlish spirits. Louisa passed the usual anatomical process, which the respective positions of engagement and matrimony involve. Minute points were scanned, not from censoriousness, but from the habit of analysis common to the tact and rapid movement of the female mind. The catalogue of faults was, however, on the present citation, quite moderate, the most prominent one seeming to be a sort of variation of mood and manner, not exactly amounting to caprice, but verging at times toward the extremes of sprightliness and taciturnity. Finally with the good feelings common to their happy season of life, they summed up the whole with a preponderance of agreeable properties, and a reiteration of their full sense of her good fortune in gaining a companion

and an establishment so eligible, and an admission that in person and education she was qualified to be an ornament to both. This bridal furnished similar materials for delineation and discussion in other circles throughout the township, and an acceptable subject for sundry letters between fair and young correspondents, after which it gave place to other bubbles on the wave of life and fell into the shadow of things that were.

In the meantime, Frederick Wilson and his young wife had become somewhat domesticated in their new home. It comprised every element of comfort with the embellishments of taste. Its owner found a new impulse in rendering it worthy of the chosen of his heart, and was but too happy to hear her praise the mansion and grounds of which he had made her the mistress, and the works of art with which the spacious apartments were decorated. Nor was she an ungrateful recipient of his tenderness and liberality, but repaid them with the fullness of a susceptible heart, glorying in its first love. He viewed her as the "purest pearl from ocean's deepest cell," and she turned to him as the flower to the sun, confiding and constant; congeniality of taste heightened the pleasure of their intercourse; the same book, the same picture, the same music delighted them, and the claims of society were met and discharged with a kindred satisfaction. He was charmed at the admiration which her courteous manners and brilliant conversation elicited, and she took pride in a husband who, to every manly accomplishment, added the good sense of prizing more highly his own native land after that comparison with others which is sometimes so perilous to patriotism. Matrimonial life opened for them with an Eden splendor, and it was long ere any shadow gathered around its bowers.

The first draw-back to their felicity was a species of nonchalance or indifference, not on the part of the husband, but the wife. Expecting a warm participation in whatever interested him, this change vexed his sensibility. He recalled every minutia of his own deportment, fearing there might have been involuntary remissness, and redoubled his assiduity to discover and gratify her wishes. But those periods of abstractedness or stupor which originally occurred at long intervals, grew more frequent, sometimes alternating with a mirth apparently as causeless and equally ungraceful. He became apprehensive that her nervous system unhinged and anxiously summoned medical skill to her aid.

These apparent caprices did not permanently impair warmth of heart or vivacity of intellect, but were in painful contrast as the cloud with the sunbeam. To the earnest inquiries of her husband, she was accustomed to speak slightly of them, as constitutional head-aches, severe but temporary. Exceedingly did he dread their recurrence, especially when the glance of any other observer was added to his own, for such was the sensitive nature of his love, that he shrunk at the thought that the slightest reproach should fall upon its object, and hoarded her praises as the miser his gold.

Thus passed away the first year and a portion of the second of their matrimonial life. Louisa was amiable to all around, benevolent to the poor, and devoted to the happiness of her husband, with the exception of the variations of manner which have been mentioned. These, he could not but apprehend, had a different and deeper source than the physical indispositions under which they were shel-

tered. His penetration was not so far hoodwinked as to mistake the fact that they were in some measure dependent on volition. His continued fear was that the same misgiving might spring up in the mind of others; and he spread out, as it were, his whole being to guard her from suspicion, until the effort was agony.

At length, with the frankness which was a part of his nature, and the tenderness due to a wife, he warned her of the fault to which he believed her to be addicted, and set forth its inevitable consequences with feeling and emphasis. Her reply was a reiterated assurance that she had used only stimulating medicine prescribed by a physician for the nervous head-ache, to which from early childhood, she had been subject; and passed into such emotions of resentment and passionate grief, that he almost shuddered at the step he had taken, and fervently hoped that his suspicions might have been groundless.

In retirement Louisa's conscience keenly smote her; she wept and lay upon the earth; she detested herself for her duplicity and determined no longer to wreck the peace of the husband whom she loved. She resolved to forsake a habit on which she could not reflect without abhorrence, and mourned that she had not possessed sufficient moral courage to acknowledge it and implore his aid in its extirpation.

The eagle-eye of the husband detected the change that ensued with unspeakable gratitude. Her fine mind and large heart seemed enfranchised from a hateful bondage. Whatever could be devised for her happiness was sedulously obtained and her unspoken wishes studied. He said mentally, "how can I ever efface from her affectionate heart the suffering I have inflicted, or reward her for the struggle she had so successfully endured," and he literally overwhelmed her with the fulness of his love. She too, exulted in that love and in being worthy of it. She felt that she had achieved a victory, and secretly despised those who being in like manner enslaved, did not resolutely break their chains. "But let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed."

Pleasant would it be to linger on this period of conjugal felicity. But the evil habit of which we have spoken is like the "strong man armed," and though love may wrestle with it till the break of day it will scarcely prevail unless it take hold of the strength of Omnipotence.

Frederick and Louisa both enjoyed refined society and were qualified to adorn it. From the earliest date of their marriage they had discharged its claims with a disposition both to receive and impart happiness. In those fashionable parties which require elaborate dress and preparation their position obliged them sometimes to mingle, and their reception was always flattering. But their principle social delight was to surround their table with a few chosen friends, where the flow of the soul was not impeded by the ice of ceremony. These pleasant gatherings had been gradually laid aside during the domination of Louisa's tyrant foe. For though she had always maintained sufficient caution to appear well on public and formal occasions, it was sometimes the reverse in those visits which involved less restraint. She more slightly armed herself and the inspection was more concentrated and critical.

Sometimes Frederick had been compelled to meet their invited guest with the excuse of her having an excruciating head-ache, and though he loathed

to lend his aid to what he deemed deception, and felt like a divided being while discharging alone the requisitions of hospitality, still he considered it a duty to protect the reputation of his wife and was thankful that she did not by her presence overthrow it. Now that this reign of terror was over, he indulged with a buoyant heart in his favorite social entertainments, while his fair kindred spirit presided with her characteristic elegance and grace.

One fine morning in Summer he came in, remarking that he had met acquaintances from a distant city to whom he wished to show attention, and if she had no other engagements would invite them to a quiet cup of tea with a few of their neighbors and more intimate friends. She concurred, with an affectionate zeal in his plans, and arranged on the mantle-piece, with exquisite taste, a variety of vases filled with rich flowers from their garden and conservatory. She busied herself to see that everything was in order, and proposed, what she knew would please him, to pour out the tea with her own hand at a table in the parlor where they should assemble. He was partial to this mode, from the principle of dispensing with ceremony whenever it was possible, and also from early recollection, having been accustomed thus to see his mother entertain her friends, and knew that on Louisa's part this was a submission to his preference which life did not fail to appreciate.

Their guest arrived at an early hour and were admiring the paintings and statuary that decorated the lofty apartment, and inhaling the balmy air that through the long window opened upon a colonnade, whose pillars were clasped by clustering vines and adorned with blossomed shrubbery. Frederick hastened to summon Louisa and was startled to find her not only in dishabille, but—*with the head-ache.*

He begged that he might excuse her and advised by all means that she should remain in her own room. But she was bent on descending and by a strong effort in which she excelled, managed to welcome her visitants with tolerable grace. Yet those who were well acquainted with her could not fail to detect by her sleepy eyes and causeless repetitions in discourse, that she was not herself.

The tea-equipage was brought in. And now the simple mode of presenting it, which he had accepted as a favor, was a new source of apprehension. Seating herself at the table behind her splendid service of silver, she filled the cup nearest to her and continued pouring—pouring—until the overflowing tray discharged its superfluous beverage upon the rich carpet. The agonizing husband affected not to observe it and talked with his friends rapidly and at random. An elderly lady, a distant relative of his mother, quietly approaching, begged to relieve her of the office on account of her indisposition.

"No, no! I thank you; I am fond of pouring out. I am quite used to it, I assure you."

Frederick springing to her exclaimed:

"I hope you will allow Mrs. Carlton to take your place."

"I have myself," said that lady, in a low, soothing tone, "been so troubled with severe nervous head-aches in my youth, as to be nearly blind, and quite too tremulous for any effort like this."

"But I have no head-ache now; no, just none at all. I insist on helping my friends to refreshments myself. It is such a great, a very great, great pleasure, indeed."

Frederick led her unwillingly to a sofa, where she half reclined against one of its pillows. The servant having his tray restored to order, through the care of Mrs. Carlton, commenced to serve the company, and was about passing her when she seized his arm with a sudden sweep, calling out:

"Here, bring me a cup! Why do you pass me by? I'll have you to know that I am your mistress."

Then she fell into a immoderate fit of laughter, while her husband, pale, and in torture—half-persuading and half-compelling—took her to her own room. At his return he attempted no excuse, and the guest, after a few ineffectual efforts to converse and be at ease, excused themselves and departed.

Mrs. Carlton lingered a while after all others had gone and, motioning toward a boudoir, said, in a low gentle voice:—

"My dear Mr. Wilson; your mother's blood is in my veins. I love you, and I love your wife. Can I be of use to either of you?"

"Oh, no! at least I do not see how. These terrible head-aches are destroying her nervous system. She has had them from early youth. I have applied to the best physicians, but they give no aid."

"Have you applied to the Great Physician? Frederick Wilson, I admire your conjugal tenderness and constancy. But their utmost ingenuity cannot blind others to a fault so palpable. I have long been aware of it. Absolve your noble mind from the penance of this vain disguise, which the eye of even the commonest servant can penetrate."

"Why do you seek to draw such a confession from me?"

"That I may soothe the anguish that is eating away your existence, and, if possible, help you both."

Pacing the room with rapid and disordered steps, he at length paused opposite to her, half-unconsciously repeating:—

"Help us! help us! how can that be?"

She took his hand in hers, and drawing him to a seat by her side, said with maternal kindness:

"Can you feel willing to confide in me so far as to say whether you have ever spoken to Louisa of her destructive habit?"

"I have."

"Freely and firmly, as husband should?"

"Freely and firmly. Oh, yes! and she seemed to have reformed. It is now a long time since aught of this kind has occurred. I thought she was my own blessed angel again. Oh, my God!"

He covered his face with his hands, but through his convulsed fingers oozing tears found their way. The sympathizing friend waited till the emotion had subsided, and he exclaimed:—

"If you can do anything for us, do it, in heaven's name."

"My dear Frederick, my heart bleeds for you; I am old and have seen something of the world; I know how hard it is for the victim to escape these toils of the tempter. The warmest affections, the highest talent the most indomitable pride, have been set in array against them and fallen. Believe me, you are not the person to manage this matter. Will you leave it to me?"

"You have my everlasting gratitude for your heavenly benevolence. I put myself under your control."

"Then I shall require implicit obedience. I know

you wish to visit your estate in a distant country. Leave the house early in the morning, without seeing Louisa; I will remain with her and watch over her during your absence. My lone widowhood will enable me so to arrange my family that none will sustain injury. I feel this effort to save her to be all important."

"But how will you explain the circumstance of my departure?"

"I will inform her that you have left on business grieved to the heart by her perseverance in error. If necessary, I will even suggest that your return may depend on her conduct."

"My dear Mrs. Carlton, you are too severe. You will drive her to desperation."

"Have you not seen the futility of temporizing measures? of appeals to all the native emotions and forms of tenderness? I repeat to you, that I love Louisa both for your sake and her own. My feelings have been strongly drawn out to her from personal resemblance she bears to the last darling daughter whom Heaven took from my embrace to its own. I promise you to be kind and to apprise you constantly by letter of our progress. Do you trust me?"

[Concluded in our next.]

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

LETTERS FROM HOME.

No. 3.

READER mine; who hearkeneth to my words, and giveth heed unto my sayings. Listen now, to the following note, which Barry received from a fair maiden, and which he considers the dimple on the face of this letter—the rose-tint beauty-spot of the page—the one golden atom of the sheet. The note was written in a delicate hand, on perfumed satin paper, lines of crimson hue bordered the edge, like veins circling round the heart—the note folded in a style which none but a maiden could have accomplished, and enclosed in an embossed envelope, which bore a seal with the impression, *Philippians, 1st chap. 3d verse*, which I am certain all the young gossips in our little city will immediately refer to, for their curiosity is such that they will not be able to read farther until they have found the reference—which curiosity as it had its birth in the Garden of Eden, 'mid flowers and loveliest things—beauty forbids that Barry Gray should say aught against, though not but that he dislikes exceedingly the excess of curiosity which most young ladies possess.

But to the note which "you know" (as friend Wallace says, when in truth you know nothing about it,) is lying before Barry, waiting as patiently as an inanimate thing can, to be presented to Barry's readers.—Allons—commencer.—

Sunny Room.

BARRY—Seated in my sunshiny corner, this pleasant April day, surrounded with my music, birds and flowers—a few choice volumes on my little stand beside me, among which the most worn and treasured are gentle *Proverbial Philosophy*—love-worn *Festus*—heart-breathing *Tennyson*—old fashioned, quiet *Elia*—and (who e'er heard of the like among a lady's books) a volume of quaint good *Isaac Walton's Complete Angler*—not that I ever intend to practise the divine art of angling that I hold it near me—but because a wild, wayward cousin of mine, entreated me to teach to him the angler's song, that he might sing it while on his

fishing excursions—and I while learning it found so much "pleasant merrie wisdom in ye book" that I would not part with it, so my cousin gained his song but lost his book, which by the bye is better than losing his heart.

While I was pondering lost in a reverie, a thought like a stray sunbeam came upon my heart—that I would write a few lines to Barry Gray; perhaps said I, there may be music in my words, which will fall upon his heart in melody, and he will know that there are many young girls in "our little city" who, though they be "gossips" yet think of Barry with much kindness.

(Barry would here say that he is much obliged to the gossips for their good wishes, and appreciates them highly.)

So with these thoughts trembling in my mind, I venture to write you, and if you have any regard for us young ladies—if you ever expect to be loved by one of us—if you ever hope to gain a wife from our midst, you will answer in truth and sincerity, this question—which we ought to know for our own peace of heart, (qy.: a small piece,) which we must know for curiosity's sake, and which we will know for your sake.—Who is Lucy? Until this question is answered, I remain in anxious suspense.

ONE OF THE MARYS.

There reader, Barry considers himself in a "bad fix" he is placed in a very unenviable position, is Barry. For their sake—for curiosity's sake—for his own sake is Barry evoked to divulge Lucy's name.

But which of the many Marys in our little city has written the above—there are very many of them and Barry knows not where to place her. Think you she is quiet, gentle Mary *** ***** with her rose lips and sunny eye—with her kindly greeting and pleasant words—she whose heart is a well of goodness, from whence come silently up thoughts of kindness and grateful wishes for other's happiness—noiseless come they forth in the gentle pressure of the hand—in the soft glance of the eye and the pleasant smile on the face. Barry pauses and wishes it was her.

Or is it the brilliant Mary ***** the bright star in the galaxy where all are so beautiful—the Mary who came upon us like a new-born thing of beauty, drawing hearts captive in her train which had long been iced 'gainst maiden's glances—she with the glossy trembling ringlets, the gleaming eye, the roseate cheek and the purely complexion, emblem of her own pure heart.—Think you 'tis her?

Or may it not be the dark-haired Mary ***** with her piercing eye and vermillion-dyed cheek—who sometimes gleams upon us in her loveliness, rousing our hearts to admiration as she glides by us.—Can it be her, who with ready pen hath written thus to Barry?

Or, may it be the dashing Mary ***** with her queen-like form and careless grace—whose mood is as a running stream, now rippling over rocks in the wild laugh of girlhood, and anon flowing in a deep and silent current—the quiet life of woman.—Again must Barry pause and think whether 'tis her.—

Or, may it not be Mary ***** she who like the hidden violet seeks not the eyes of all—but shrouded in her own loveliness, lives in quiet joy—whose heart known but to a few, is full of kindness, and whose life glides on in happy sunshine.—Could it have been her?

Or is it the bright-eyed Mary ***** that merry hearted maiden—whose joyous laughter falls in

softened cadence on our ears—but who has through the dreary winter, like the summer flowers, been hidden from us, but now that sunny days have come again, she with her sunshine heart is once more with us.—She with her graceful form and smile-wreathed face and her heart of happiness.—Can she have written unto Barry? Perhaps 'tis her.

Or may it have been quiet Mary *****; she whose kind face is the index of her soul, where her heart's joys seem traced in beauty—whose mild eyes beam in tender light—one for whose especial joy, young flowers bloom.—Barry asks himself, can it be her?

Or is it pleasant Mary *****; she whom Barry has known so long—with her joyous laugh and lightsome heart—where cluster kindly thoughts and where good deeds have birth;—whose smile has much of sunshine in it to warm the heart and stir up pleasant memories. Barry thinks—can it be she who thus has written?

Now which of these many Marys is "the Mary." Barry has in his mind's eye seen them all, questioned them all—and received for answer from echo—the one word, MARY! and till he knows who Mary is, Barry cannot tell who Lucy is—for Lucy is a very modest maiden, and would blush exceedingly at seeing her name drawn out to its fullest extent in print as Barry's is—and perhaps give him a sly scolding—so he dare not write it, but begs Mary to be content in knowing that Lucy is young and pretty, and has moreover a voice which when moved in song, falls as gently on Barry's ear, as the summer dew on the flowers.

Lastly—as our good friend the Rev. Dr. — commences his "lastly" somewhere in the middle of his sermon, and his "finally" "once more" "in conclusion," "again" running through to the last "ending" when comes his energetic "Amen." Barry considers that he has a perfect right to use his lastly when he gets to the bottom of his page, and as he has obtained that desired spot, now he will conclude with saying that he hopes "the Marys" will receive the above as so many bouquets of sentiment gathered from Barry's brain-basket—bouquets of rare and sweet flowers, and not bunches of thorns.—With kindly wishes to them all, and especially to the Mary Barry closes.

P. S.—The third chronicle is being formed into shape from the musty parchment and will appear in Barry's next letter.

BARRY GRAY.

April, 1847.

For the Rural Repository.

FASHION AND PLEASURE.

THESE two deities, and I hope I shall not be considered profane in so calling them, for they are worshipped by the greater part of the world although under different forms, enforce a more rigid compliance with their decrees, than the heathen Gods of old.

Fashion is surrounded with willing followers, who kneel to her shrine and bow to her wishes, with the servile submission of oriental slaves. The votaries of Fashion and Pleasure are often confounded but they are widely dissimilar: the votaries of Fashion bask in the smiles of others, but the votary of Pleasure seeks his gratification from within.

The votary of Fashion may be termed a benevolent character, in fact he may be considered an Odd Fellow, for he follows the Golden Rule; and it is well they name them such, who do; he does

unto others as he would that others should do unto him—he apes the manners of others, and he would that others should do so by him; he also adorns himself to please the sight of others, and not only that, he often sacrifices his own health, and the money of others to do so, but exhibits himself gratuitously; we would the public could appreciate his generosity.

But look we to his prototype, the votary of pleasure or rather of content, he is from the commencement a selfish individual and is in no wise connected with his charitable brother; he only looks to his own gratification, he cares not about others, his motto, self content is the first law of Nature. He dresses to suit his own convenience, he is as often dressed in plain homespun as in fine broadcloth. He will not submit to the iron decrees of the demagogue fashion; he will not beggar his wife and family to exhibit himself for the benefit of the public. What a malevolent creature! He will not pinch his toes in tight boots to gratify the whims of others. What a selfish individual! He will not gratify the public so much, as to cheat the tailor and run in debt, wherever he gets a chance for the sake of being made a gazing stock and a theme of admiration for others.—Such is the acme of selfishness; is it a wonder that people cry shame on such a man, that he is called stingy, avaricious and everything else pertaining to it? Indeed it is not. He should be driven from society, that is what is called respectable society, as he is in a fair way to be for his selfishness. And he—this Diogenes in his tub, this selfish individual, pretends to talk of happiness, comfort, domestic felicity and social enjoyment.

And now having partially set forth the claims of the rival partisans, let us see the rewards which each receive, one receives health, a long life, a full purse (not the least consideration) a cheerful mind, contented home and a respected remembrance; the other for all his pains, all his disinterestedness receives an impaired constitution, blasted hopes, a debilitated frame and goes to an early grave, an offering at the shrine of the remorseless goddess, and will be remembered by his friends more especially the *tailor*, without the aid of a tombstone.

Hudson, N. Y. 1847.

IVAN.

For the Rural Repository.

VOICE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE reality of things is changing. The irresistible wheel of progression is rolling up the living realities that have slumbered beneath the silent breathing bosom of lost centuries. The present has unchained its rudder from the ancient fastenings of folly and power; it has unreefed its pennon to be stamped with events that shall live and breathe and be read long after its floating folds shall have fretted away with beating against the billows of coming time.

The nineteenth century is writing a line of light on the tablet of time, that shall guide the helm of all its travelling successors. A star is beginning to shine that will illumine man's mental canopy, long and long, after time has laid this century in its great reservoir. The moral mantle of might and right is beginning to unfold and the twilight of reason and justice is shedding its brightening rays over the brow of a living world. The beacon of liberty has again been lit on the platform of human equality, and its streaming effulgence has pierced the deepest gloom, and caught the eye of the blind-

est bigot. Freedom's star is rising from the storm cloud of wrong that buried its light for eighteen ages, and has thrown its flooding beams over this stupendous store-house of humanity, that no wind-pall of coming centuries can darken.

Muscle and mind have ceased to battle, and genius has caught a spark from the fountain of life, that will light up the vestibule of its mental glory.

Truth and Liberty shine with a dazzling brightness on the banners of America's hope, and the shouts of her sons have called the wildest savage from his gloom-shades of ignorance. And these are the tokens that are luring us on in the road to high holiness and perfection.

Springville, April, 1847.

H. A. G.

MISCELLANY.

THE GHOST OF THE CELLAR.

A GENTLEMAN on Long Island was very much vexed by the conduct of his colored servants who used frequently to be absent from their duty, and engaged in frolics at a house in the neighborhood occupied by blacks. Near the negro house was an old cellar, and on this foundation the gentleman laid his plan to cure his servants of their bad habits.

One evening, when they were absent from home, frolicking as usual, he provided himself with a sheet, and repaired to the ruined cellar, where, having decked himself in ghostly fashion, he lay concealed, and waited for the breaking up of the company. About "the witching time of night," when spirits from the other world usually make their appearance, the colored party began to disperse. As they issued from the house, full of frolic and whiskey, the fictitious ghost rose slow and solemn from the cellar, and lifting his hands, beckoned the darkies toward him. But, as no words were uttered, no individual felt himself particularly bound to obey, and they all ran, some one way and some another, as though satan himself, or some other negro driver, were close at their heels.

"Gosh a'mighty!" said Caesar, as soon as he and his companions had got safely over the threshold of his master's kitchen, and closed the door behind them, "Gosh a'mighty, Phillis, what a ghoss dat was! Did you see him Phillis?—Why, he was tall as de top ob de house, and white as sheet."

"Yes, Caesar," said Phillis, turning up the white of her eyes in awful wonder, "Yes Caesar, and did you see what drefful teef it had, and how he snashed 'em at us when he ris out de sellar?"

"Dat I did, Phillis," replied Caesar, "I seed 'em, and by gor!"

"Don't swear, Caesar."

"Did I swear, Phillis? Den Hebben forgive me all my sins—but I'm sartain his teef was long as my arm. Hebben help me, if so be I once git in his mout!"

"And me too, Caesar," said the trembling Dinah, who was scarcely yet able to speak from very fright. "And did you see what mon'srous eyes he had? Dey was as big—O Lord—as big—"

"As a sarcer, ebery bit and grain," said Sambo, who now ventured to speak for the first time.

"Yes, I be sworn," said Caesar, "ebery inch on 'em as big as a sarcer.—And did you see how dey shined like a ball eb fire?"

"Yes, and brighter too!" said Dinah, "I'm sure I could see to pick a pin up by 'em in de darkest night eber was afore."

"Yes, dat you might," said Phillis, "and seed a cambric needle, too, plain as day. And did you see, Dinah, what 'normous arms be had, and how he swing 'em about as if he would kitch us all in one handful."

"I'm sartin he would a kitch'd me," said Sambo, shuddering at the very recollection, "if I hadn't been a light heel'd feller."

"You a light heel'd feller?" said Caesar, who valued himself on his own agility, "You flatty-foot nigger, you—by gor—"

"What! agin! Caesar?" said Phillis, clapping her hand on his mouth, "habn't I check you once a'ready for swearing?"

"Did I swear agin, Phillis? Hebben forgib all my sins dis night, I say, your'n too, Phillis, and your'n Dinah, and your'n Sambo, for one or todder ob us'l hab to go—and which it is I can't tell—so Hebben forgib us all, I say."

"Amen! say I," shouted Dinah, and "Amen!" shouted Phillis, and "Amen," groaned Sambo.

"I'm sure one or todder ob us be call for," resumed Caesar, "and which it is I don't know. Sambo, you're de greatest sinner."

"I Caesar, I de greatest sinner! How can you assassinate such a ting?"

"Yes, Sambo," repeated Caesar, coolly, "you're de greatest sinner. Didn't you teal massa's whiskey lass week, and, when you draw out a jug ob whiskey, didn't you put in a jug ob water, so massa neen't miss 'em?"

"True, Caesar," returned Sambo, "but what dat all sinnify? Habn't you tole many a ting in your life time? Recolleck now and tink ober your sins.—Didn't you teal massa's fowls lass tanks. gibbin, to hab a high up dare to Cuffy's and didn't you teal massa's dry wood for roast 'em by on same 'easion? and didn't you teal—"

"Don't mention 'em, Sambo," interrupted Caesar, "don't mention 'em now, I beg on you. Your recolleeshum is too bad. I did not tink you had such dam memory afore. Arter all, Sambo, I don't tink ider you or me be de greatest sinners in de world. Here be Phillis and Dinah, now, bigger sinners dan you or me, Sambo."

"How can you say so, Caesar?" returned Phillis, lifting up her eyes to heaven. "Don't I tend meetin ebery Sunday night, constant as de night comes? and don't I—"

"Sartin, sartin, Phillis," said Caesar, "you do all dat and more. You tend meetin long ob odder niggers—but recolleck, Phillis, where I kitch you long ob dat nigger Cato—ha?"

"I be stonish, Caesar, you should mention dat little circumstance."

"Bery spicious dat, Phillis, bery spicious."

"Do hole your tongue, Caesar, and inflect seriously bout your own sins fore you cuse me."

"Cuse you, Phillis! Why dat's not one half your sins. Recolleck how you—"

"Hush, hush, Caesar! don't let us cuse one an-odder."

"Ah, Phillis you must be de greatest sinner mong us all, and, if I hab any judgment, you must be de one what is call for on this solemn 'easion."

"Hebben hab massy on us!" exclaimed Phillis, "muss I bear um all? and here be Dinah, shall she scape?"

"Don't mention me, Phillis," said Dinah, "I'm sure I hab no sin to answer for."

"What, Dinah!" replied Phillis, "you nassy wench, you, do you pretend to say you hab no sin

to answer for? Fie, O fie! how dis ere world is gibben to lying!—Didn't you teal missy's pies and cakes, to hab a high up ober to Cuffy's lass tanks-gibben?"

"And didn't you help eat 'em, Phillis?" retorted Dinah, "and isn't de taker worse an de tief, ha?"

"And didn't you," resumed Phillis, "teal mis-ses sugar and tea on the same 'casion."

"And didn't you help drink 'em, ha, Phillis? If I do take what is not my own sometime, I nebber was kitch wid dat nigger Cato."

"Tut, tut," said Phillis, who by this time began to be heartily sick of the turn which the discussion was taking; "tut, tut, Dinah, we're all in de wrong to cuse one anodder in dis terrible pickle, when maybe we must all hab to go; so we'd better forgit and forgib. What say you, Dinah, and you, Cæsar, and you Sambo?"

"Wid all my heart and soul," replied Cæsar, who, like Phillis, finding himself as deep in the mud as others were in the mire, was also glad to drop the subject. "What say you Sambo, can you forgib me for call you flatty foot nigger?"

"Gib us your hand Cæsar," said the placable Sambo, "and gib us your'n, Phillis," said the equally forgiving Dinah, neither of whom could feel it in their hearts to bear malice on so awful an occasion.

"I'm sure some ob us be come for," said Cæsar; "dat awful ghoss neber come for notting; and wedder it be you, Sambo, or you, Phillis, or you, Dinah, or wedder it be me, Hebben only knows notting about it. Darefore let us pent ob all our sin, wedder ob remission or internishun, and forgib one anodder and all mankind."

"Yes," said Phillis, "let us now infleck seriousness on our latter ends."

A general shout of "Amen" followed. The blacks retired to rest, and were haunted by imaginary ghosts all night long, and for several of the succeeding nights. The impression was so strong that from that time forth they never met at the house of Cuffy, nor pillaged their master's property or were guilty of any other great irregularities of conduct.—*N. Y. Constellation.*

HAPPINESS

A BLESSING often missed by those who run after pleasure, and generally found by those who suffer pleasure to run after them. Like a Will-o'-the-wisp, it is sometimes farthest off when we imagine we can grasp it, and nearest to us when it appears to be at a distance. The most effectual way to secure it to ourselves, is to confer it upon others.

None are either so miserable or so happy as they are thought, for the mind soon habituates itself to its moral atmosphere, whether rough or gentle. If there be no difference between possessing a thing, and not wishing for it, happiness may be best attained by indifference; at all events there is a greater approximation than is generally supposed, between those who have lost, and those who retain their happiness; since the former are always hoping to recover, what the latter are always fearing to be deprived of.

Pyrrhus, denying the reality of any beatitude, maintained that life and death were equal, and when asked why he did not seek the grave, since existence was so little attractive, replied, "Because both are indifferent to me."

In the progress of time and general improvement the aggregate of human enjoyment may be incalculably increased, without diminishing the stock of comparative discontent; for as we measure our portion in life not by our superiority to our predecessors, but by our inferiority to our contemporaries, we forget abstract benefits in relative disadvantages. Notwithstanding this drawback, human happiness must be constantly augmenting. As civilization advances, every peasant enjoys luxuries and securities from which nobles and monarchs were formerly debarred. That there is much less misery and suffering in the world than formerly, is incontestably proved by the remarkable increase in the mean duration of life, while the years thus added to our span derive a double value from the almost universal diffusion of the means of enjoying them.

As important disappointments do but rarely occur, and yet many men are unhappy during the greater part of their lives, it is evident that they must fret their spirit about trifles. The great secret of cheerfulness and content is not to be annoyed by petty thwartings, and not to aspire to unattainable objects. Children are always happy, because they are always pursuing trifles of easy acquisition.

Exaggerating the misery of mankind is a species of impiety, because it is an oblique reflection on the benevolence of the Deity. If man had been made involuntarily happy, he would have been without motives to exertion, and would have lost that noblest species of felicity which arises from the virtuous and successful development of his faculties. If virtue, moreover, always ensured happiness, while vice entailed inevitable misery, we should lose one of the strongest arguments for a future state of retribution.

THAT KEG OF SPECIE.

A SHORT, but pretty good story about Capt. Charley Ross, was promised by us the other day. We know of no better occasion than the present of giving it currency. In all material points, Charley is the right sort of a man. He understands his own business as well as the rest of 'em—is straight forward and independent in all his dealings, and is seldom very badly fooled.

It was about four o'clock one day, something like an hour before the boat was starting for New Orleans, that a well-known broker of this city interrupted Capt. Charley in the midst of his business and when he was as busy as a bee in a tar barrel.

"I say, Captain Ross, I have a keg of specie coming on board—how much will you charge to have it delivered to the Canal Bank, New Orleans?"

"How much is there in it?"

"Only five thousand dollars."

"O, I suppose five dollars will be a fair charge."

"Very well," said the broker in his usual bland manner—"here comes the dray all right."

In due time, the specie was deposited in the clerk's office, and the bills of lading were made out. It may not be amiss, this point, to state that the Captain had been accidentally informed an hour or two previous by some interested party, of the amount contained in the cask.

"How is that fixed in the bill of lading?" asked the Captain.

"All right," answered the Clerk, "it says a keg of specie, containing five thousand dollars."

"That's correct," said the Captain—"that's the amount you mentioned, I believe, Mr.—"

"Yes, that's the amount," replied the broker,

somewhat embarrassed—"but what's the use of putting it in the bill of lading?"

"Oh, that's the way we always do it."

"But," said the broker insinuatingly, "you can leave it out this time."

"Certainly not."

"Then, of course, you'll deliver the keg just as it is?"

"We'll try—but accidents frequently happen—we'll be sure to deliver according to the bill of lading, a keg containing five thousand dollars in specie."

The broker was now thoroughly alarmed.

"Let me say a word to you, Captain Ross," taking that gentleman aside; "what'll you take that keg to New Orleans for, making no mention in the bill of lading of the amount it contains?"

"For twenty dollars," said Captain Ross.

"For twenty! then you know how much there is in it!"

"Certainly—there's twenty thousand dollars in gold and silver."

"That's a fact—make out the papers here's your twenty dollars. I give up."

It is extremely probable that this is the only instance on record, where a broker has undertaken to outlie a steamboat Captain that he didn't fairly succeed. The conclusion is inevitable, that the broker was not smart enough for his business.—*Cincinnati News.*

OPINION.

A CAPRICIOUS tyrant to which many a free-born Briton willingly binds himself a slave. Deeming it of much more importance to be valued than valuable;—holding opinion to be worthier than worth, we had rather stand well in the estimation of others, even of those whom we do not esteem, than of ourselves. This is indeed, the

"Meanness that soars, and pride that licks the dust."

The greater the importance we attach to our opinions, the greater our intolerance which is wrong even when we are right, and doubly so when we are in error; so that persecution for opinion's sake can never be justifiable. Our own experience might teach us better, for every man has differed, at various times, from himself, as much as he ever has differed at any one time from others.

Suffering others to think for us, when Heaven has supplied us with reason and a conscience for the express purpose of enabling us to think for ourselves is the great fountain of all human error. "There cannot," says Locke "be a more dangerous thing to rely on, than the opinion of others, nor more likely to mislead one; since there is much more falsehood and error among men than truth and knowledge; and if the opinions and persuasions of others, whom we know and think well of, be a ground of assent, men have reason to be heathens in Japan, Mahometans in Turkey, Papists in Spain, Protestants in England, and Lutherans in Sweden."

Were a whole nation to start upon a new career of education, with mature faculties, and minds free from prepossessions or prejudices, how much would be quickly abandoned that is now most stubbornly cherished! If we have many opinions, in our present state, that have once been proscribed, it is presumable that we cling to many more which future generations will discard. The world is yet in its boyhood—perhaps in its infancy; and fancied wisdom is but the babble of the nursery. However quickly we may take up an error, we abandon it slowly. As a man often feels a pain in the leg that

has been long amputated so he does frequently yearn towards an opinion after it has been cut off from his mind,—so true is it that

"He that's convinced against his will,
Is of the same opinion still."

So wedded are some people to their own notions, that they will not have any persons for friends, or even for servants, who do not entertain similar views. Lord L—— makes a point of strictly cross-questioning his domestics, as to their religious and political faith, before he engages them. While residing on his Irish estates, a groom presented himself to be hired, resolving, beforehand, not to compromise himself by any inconsiderate replies. "What are your opinions?" was the peer's first demand. "Indeed, then, your lordship's honor! I have just none at all, at all." "Not any! nonsense!—you must have some, and I insist upon knowing them." "Why, then, your honor's glory they are for all the world just the same as your lordship's." "Then you can have no objections to state them, and to confess frankly what is your way of thinking." "Och! and is it my way of thinking your mane by my opinions?—Why then I am exactly the same way of thinking as Pat Sullivan, your honor's gamekeeper, for, says he to me as I was coming up stairs, 'Murphy,' says he, 'I'm thinking you'll never be paying me the two-and-twenty shillings I lent you, last Christmas was a twelvemonth.' 'Faith!' says I, 'Pat Sullivan? I'm quite of your way of thinking.'"

MODE OF BURYING LAWYERS.

A GENTLEMAN in the country, who had just buried a rich relation, who was an attorney, was complaining to Foote, who was on a visit to him, of the very great expense of a country funeral.

"Why," says Foote, "do you bury your attorneys here?"

"Yes, to be sure we do; how else?"

"Oh! we never do that in London."

"No!" said the other, much surprised, "how do you manage?"

"Why, when the patient happens to die, we lay him out in a room over night by himself, lock the door, open the sash, and in the morning he is entirely off!"

"Indeed?" said the other, in amazement; "what becomes of him?"

"Why, that we cannot exactly tell, not being acquainted with supernatural causes. All that we know of the matter is, that there's a strong smell of brimstone in the room the next morning!"

A DOGGED COURT.

In the Wolverine states, on one occasion, Judge M——, a facetious man, was alone upon the bench, and one of the attorneys had just finished the argument of some cause, and the Judge was proceeding in his opinion upon the case, when a large bull-dog came up on the side of the Judge, and looked down upon the lawyers with a very Judge-like aspect. His honor was so intent upon the question before him, that he did not notice the dog, and in a few minutes gave the decision of the question, which chanced to be against the attorney who had last spoken in the case.

The latter asked the Judge "if that was the opinion of the court?"

"Yes," replied the Judge.

"Well then," replied the discomfited lawyer, "I'd like the opinion of the OTHER member of the court!"

When the Judge turned around and saw the solemn faced dog, apparently ruminating or deliberating upon the case he had decided, he burst into a laugh, which ran like electricity through the courtroom.

TWO FRIENDS.

Two friends who had been separated a great while, meeting by chance, one, asked the other how he did? He replied that he was very well, and *was married* since they last met. "That is good news indeed." "Nay, not so very good, neither, for I married a shrew." "That is bad too." "Not so bad, neither, for I had two thousand pounds with her." "That is well again." "Not so well neither, for I laid it out in sheep, and they all died of the rot." "That was hard, in truth." "Not so hard neither, for I sold the skins for more than the sheep cost me." "Ay that made your amends." "Not so much amends neither, for I laid out my money in a house, and it was burned." "That was a great loss, indeed." "Not so great a loss neither, for my wife *was* burned in it!"

A GOOD REASON.

BLITZ had a bright little fellow on the stand to assist him in the "experiments."

"Sir," said the Signor, "do you think I could put the twenty cent pieces which that lady holds, into your coat pocket?"

"No," said the boy, confidently.

"Think not?"

"I know you couldn't," said the little fellow, with great firmness.

"Why not?"

"'Cause the pockets is all torn out!"

GIVING NOTICE.

"Boss, I want twenty-five cents?"

"Twenty-five cents! How soon do you want it Joe?"

"Next Tuesday."

"As soon as that? You can't have it! I have told you often, that when you was in want of so large a sum you should always give me at least four weeks notice."

COURAGE.

"WELL, Pat, my good fellow," said a victorious General to a brave son of Erin, after a bloody battle, "and what did you do to help us gain the victory?" "Do!" replied Pat, "may it please your honor, I walked up boldly to wun of the inimy, and cut off his fut." "Cut off his foot! and why did you not cut off his head?" asked the General. "Ah, an' faith that was off already!" says Pat.

A ROARER.

THE following anecdote is told of a western judge. He was once holding court at a place where a temporary jail had been concocted out of a stable. A case of local interest was brought before him, and the judgment given excited the intense admiration of one of the *roarer* species present. His delight was too great to be repressed, and he burst forth:

"Go it, old Gimlet-eye!"

"Who was that?" said the judge, quickly.

"I'm the boss," said the man, rising in the expectation of being complimented on his perspicuity.

"Constable," said the judge, quietly, "take that horse and put him in the stable!"

A CONCEITED divine, being asked by a student how he might acquire confidence in preaching, gave to him the following method: "My father had a fine field of cabbages; and I made a practice of going into it, to repeat a discourse, fancying every cabbage-head a man." "And now," said the witty student, "I should think, from your sermons, you fancied every man a cabbage-head!"

AN old man, who has been dreadfully henpecked all his life, was visited on his death-bed by a clergyman. The old man appeared very indifferent, and the parson tried to arouse him, talking of the King of Terrors. "Hout, tout, man, I'm no scar't. The king of terrors! I've been living sax and thirty years with the queen of them, and the king canna be muckle waur."

SCOLDING.—I never knew one who was in the habit of scolding able to govern a family. What makes people scold? The want of self-government. How then can they govern others? Those who govern well are generally calm. They are prompt and resolute, but steady and mild.

ALWAYS DEAR.—A person was remarking the other day:—"How cheap every thing is got!" "Not every thing," said his friend. "Why, what is not?" "Woman!" "Oh, I forgot—woman is always dear."

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

H. W. T. West Troy, N. Y. \$2.00; W. C. R. East Bethel, Vt. \$1.00; P. M. Siloam, N. Y. \$2.00; L. D. W. East Clarendon, N. Y. \$3.00; E. L. F. Schenectady, N. Y. \$2.00; Mrs. C. W. N. Stockbridge, Ms. \$1.00; N. McW. Milwaukee, Wis. Ter. \$1.00.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 20th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Gosman, Mr. John M. Crofts to Miss Martha J. daughter of John Crawford, Esq. of this city.

By the same, Mr. Jesse Bird, to Miss Phebe Seely, both of Saugerties, N. Y.

In Milford, Otsego Co. N. Y. on the 6th ult. by the Rev. G. W. Howe, Mr. H. G. Tracy, of Oneonta, (formerly of Columbin Co. to Miss M. E. Cooke, of the former place.

At Fulton, Oswego Co. N. Y. on the 4th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Hawes, Mr. George Foster to Miss Sarah M. McKay, all of Fulton.

At Canaan, on the 7th ult. by the Rev. Clifford Ames, of New Jersey, Mr. George King to Miss Harriet E. Ames, of the same place.

At Waterloo, on the 15th ult. by the Rev. Thomas Lape, Mr. Daniel Hoffman, of this city, to Miss Margaret, daughter of Frederick Rossmann, of Claverack.

At Hinsdale, N. H. Jan. 9th, by Frederick Boyden Esq. Mr. Norman Hine, (member of the Junior Class, Amherst College, Mass.) of Onondaga, N. Y. to Miss Sarah R. Albee, of Amherst.

May hymen's car be drawn by doves,
Harnessed in silken chains,
And driven by the smiling loves,
While Norman holds the reins.

DEATHS.

In this city, on the 19th ult. Mrs. Elizabeth Macy, widow of the late Nathaniel Macy, aged 69 years, and 5 months.

On the 17th ult. Eliza, daughter of David B. and Betsey Castle, in her 7th year.

At West Troy, Feb. 11th. Andrew Calvin, son of Henry W. and Hepzibeth Tobias, aged 18 months.

"Thy youngest, dearest, brightest, gem,
Now from the parent arms is given,
He who was here their diadem,
Is now a star in yonder heaven."

In Red Rock, on the 17th ult. the consort of Hiram D. Ford, Esq. after a long illness.

At Santa Fe, New Mexico, Feb. 2d, Elisha Williams, eldest son of Alexander H. McKinstry, formerly of this city, in the 15th year of his age.

At Cohoes, on the 17th ult. Henry Winans, late of Kinderhook.

At Ghent, on the 6th ult. after a short illness, Capt. William F. Smith, in his 82d year.

In Claverack, on the 11th ult. Mr. Cornelius Esselsteyne, in the 96th year of his age.

In Geneva, Ill. on the 29th ult. Deidamia B. daughter of Edwin and Cynthia Clark, in the 10th year of her age.

Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

WHEN Jove into being had spoken the light,
And the orient portals of morning unclosed,
When he'd set in the azure the watch-fires of night,
And the fresh blooming earth on its axis reposed;
When the mountains and hills he had weighed in his scales,
When he'd compassed the limited sea with his span—
Had spungled with sweet scented blossoms the vales,
And entrusted the rule of his empire to man—

A genius drew near to the foot of his throne,
In the garb of humanity meekly arrayed,
And hopeful—yet wild, was the suppliant's tone,
As he thus to the "terrible thunderer" prayed;
"Oh thou who presides in the councils above,
In thy wisdom bestow upon man I implore,
A language more fertile with truth and with love,
Than e'er was conferred upon mortal before.

"Would we picture the woes of our desolate heart,
Would we share with another the sweets of our bliss,
Or a balm sympathetic to suffering impart,
Words only Great Father can never do this.
The sigh, smile and tear, it is true thou hast given,
But sigh, smile and tearlet are all of them vain,
When touched by a spark from the altar of heaven,
Our joys are forgot in another one's pain.

"When the morning birds twitter the wild woods among,
And far with the zephyrs their carols are borne,
When we linger to hear the sweet rivulet's song—
Which delighted, in seasons no more to return—
When the night-jewels shine on the blossoming breast
Of the dear little spot which in childhood we loved—
We cannot find language where-with to invest,
The thoughts and the feelings we always approved.

"Each tree has a charm, and can pleasure impart,
With the thorn that we loved for the garland it bore—
Is mingled the wish of a warm-gushing heart,
As we witness it rock to the breeze as before.
But ah, to express as we muse in that grove,
The joys which our fond recollections revere,
Or the beauties which prompted the first throes of love,
We must have something else than the smile and the tear.

"Too feeble are words to portray what we feel,
When alone with the moonlight afloat on the wave,
Too feeble are tears the soul's depths to reveal,
By the death-bed of Hope, by the young spirit's grave;
Too poor is our language to tell how appeared,
The rose-glow of morn to our juvenile eye,
How much to our young opening mind was endeared,
The twinkle of stars in the blue cloudless sky.

"When the dreams of our manhood are vanished and o'er,
When age with its weakness comes listlessly on,
When the days that are past can enchant us no more,
And veiled with a shadow is each setting sun;—
Words are all too icy, too heartless to tell,
What hopes linger then on the gold cloud so bright,
How we see in the loitering of twilight's farewell,
The pledge of a future unshadowed by night.

"Oh give us a language all pure from the heart,
That excites by its magic a fountain of tears,
Unfettered by custom, untainted by art—
The language by angels brought down from the spheres!"
Great Jupiter smiled at the suppliant's prayer,
As he looked, and beheld in the distance afar,
The spirit of song riding swift through the air,
With a harp in her hand and the nine in her ear.

More sweet was her voice than the rose-breathing gale,
That oft in the twilight of summer is heard;
More truthful and pure than the nightingale's tale,
For the heart not the lips gave the tone to her word.
Great Jove as the beautiful pageant drew nigh,
Entranced as in vision descended the throne,

And opening the gates of the measureless sky,
Confessed her sweet language more pure than his own.

Love hung on her visage, love basked in her smile,
The light of her eye was as glances of fire,
As she caroled, the Gods stood astonished the while,
And caught a new tongue from the tone of her lyre.
She chased away sorrow, she chased away pain,
The thoughts of the heart by her notes were defined;
How touching, how exquisite too was her strain,
As she sung to the tune of the "Progress of Mind."

Like a beautiful spring that supplies us with health,
Her music since then has continued to flow,
From its tones has the mind of the world drawn its wealth,
And found in its charms an asylum from woe.
The angels enwrap as in ecstasy gaze,
When she dips her bright pen in the lore of the spheres,
And seraphs cense singing their anthems of praise,
Struck dumb by the sound of her rapturous airs.
Claverack, 1847. G. H. A.

For the Rural Repository.

THE SPRING-TIME.

BY THE PRIVATE SCHOLAR.

The winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers
appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come,
and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.—*Song of*
Solomon.

Oh, the ever welcome spring-time,
That brings the birds and flowers,
When the softly wooing sunshine,
Gives birth to April showers!

I love it, and my spirit
Is ever on the wing,
As the breezes round me whisper,
And the birds around me sing.

The robin is delighted,
And sings its sweetest strain,
As it sits among the branches
Of its own elm tree again.

I hear the little phebe,
Like a maiden young and coy,
Within the moss-roofed cottage,
Pouring forth its simple joy.

The fragrance of the meadows,
Where the plow-boy labors free,
On the freshened air comes mingling
With the woodland melody.

How soft the gentle south-wind
Comes creeping o'er the springs!
Like a blessed kindred spirit,
Breathing thoughts of happy things.

My heart it beats with rapture—
And yet a tear will start;
For the long-lost days of childhood,
Again comes o'er the heart.

Starkville, N. Y. 1847.

For the Rural Repository.

ENIGMA.

I BRING to man both pain and joy—
I build up nations, and destroy—
O'er all I hold a powerful sway,
Monarchs to me must homage pay;
Their strongest force with ease I shake;
Whene'er I wish, their thrones I take.

O'er every region of the world,
My warring sceptre is unfurled;
'Twas I who caused proud Rome to rise,
Until her glory reached the skies;
And then 'twas I who cast her down,
From all her splendor and renown.

'Tis by my unrelenting hand,
That palaces which long may stand,
As if they never could decay,
But in their places e'er would stay
In all their boasted greatness—must
Perish and crumble into dust.

As if on eagle's wings I fly;
Nothing can ever 'scape mine eye,

The present's all before mine view,
All past events, I've seen them too.
Tho' future scene may dark appear,
'Tis I alone who'll make them clear.

E'er since that most unhappy hour,
When our first parents, by the power
Of their almighty God, were driven
From paradise, their home, their heaven,
I've ever been, and I will ever be,
Until at last Eternity,
Shall take my lofty place, then I
Will lose my matchless power, and die.

Schenectady, 1847.

SAMUEL.

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